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THE
CONVERTED INDIAN
A
POEM.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

An ODE,

ON THE

INCARNATION.

By C. L. I. O. K.

I will give thee the Heathen for thine Inheritance, and the uttermost Parts of the Earth for thy Possession.

Psaln ii. 8.

The Word was made Flesh, and dwell among us.

John i. 14.

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CONFIDENTIAL



TO THOMAS POWYS, Esqr.

S I R,

IN these degenerate Days of Sensuality and Dissipation, when Voluptuousness is Worshiped with all the ardour of Devotion by Millions of deluded Votaries, and the Religion of JESUS, with all her Heaven-born Charms, is disregarded and ridiculed, unto whom, Sir, shall I lift up mine Eyes for Protection, while endeavouring to embark in her solitary Service?—Shall I turn them to the gilded Roofs of Splendor and Magnificence? where her Divine Author hath so lavishly diffused the Bounties of his Providence! and where his Munificence stands waiting (as it were) at the very Threshold of the Door, to catch the grateful Emanations of the possessor's Heart, as they rise towards Heaven: Or, shall I direct my Attention to the low-roof'd Cottage, and to the humble Cell, those reputed Sanctuaries of Virtue and Innocence? where every Thing that surrounds the peaceful

Inha-

DEDICATION.

iv.

Inhabitant, as well as his Situation in the æconomy of Society, has an admirable tendency to obliterate Pride, and exalt his Ideas of the SUPREME EXCELLENCE! Or, naturally attracted towards the Centre of my Wishes, by those distinguishing Rays of Glory, ever reflected from an eminently Religious Character -- May I not humbly presume, Sir, (in this Night of intellectual Darknefs, *) to take the advantage of its friendly Light? and, placing the following little POEM beneath its fostering Influence, to subscribe myself, with all due Respect and Esteem,

Sir,

Your most Obedient,

and Obliged

humble Servant,

SHREWSBURY,
September 7, 1774.

C L I O.

1 Thessians iv. 18.

ADVER-

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following POEM is the Substance of a Narrative, which the Editor heard from the Lips of an old INDIAN, a Native of the Province of *Georgia*, in *British America*---who, with many of his Countrymen, were Converted to the Christian Faith, under the Preaching of that eminent Servant of GOD, the late Rev. Mr. *George Whitefield*, on his first Arrival there.

If it should be Asked---“What was the Editor’s Reason for attempting to dress up a mere Narrative, in the flowery Habit of Poetry?” He Answers, That, (besides an early Attachment to the Service of the Muses, and a most passionate Fondness for that species of Poetry denominated

B

Pastoral)

A D V E R T I S E M E N T. vi.

Pastoral) he discovered in the Detail, such an agreeable Spirit of Simplicity, such a noble Zeal for Religion, and such an ardent Desire to promote its Interest in the World; and all this! breathing from the Heart of a newly Converted Savage, that he was struck with Admiration at the Triumphs of Divine Grace, and without any Consideration about the Modes of Composition, was in this Respect, entirely governed by the Impressions he then felt.

8 00 63

The Editor.

T H E

T H E
CONVERTED INDIAN;
A
P O E M.

WHERE sweet *Savannah** rambles thro' the Shade,
And woos the Poet for a penfive Lay,

Oft' let me rove (by *Contemplation* led)

And pass the Evening of a Summer's Day.

There, deep sequester'd in some friendly Grove,

Where the high - waving Pines enamour'd meet,

My Cares all hush'd---my Soul attun'd to Love,

I'd sit me down at *Meditation's* Feet.

Dear

* *Savannah*.—A River in *Georgia*, from whence the Capital of that Province derives its Name.

Dear peaceful Shades, and doubly Dear to Me!

For here my *Saviour* first reveal'd his Charms;

Beneath the Shelter of yon' (a) *spreading Tree*,

Gently he drew me to his willing Arms.

Wild as the Wilderness in which I trod,

By Nature, stupid as the bestial Train:

Lost to Myself---a Stranger to my God,

Thoughtless I wander'd o'er my *native Plain*.

But Heav'n decreed, and Heav'n's own Time was come---

Eternal Love! our western World surveys:

Sends WHITEFIELD forth to call the *Nations* home,

And spread the Empire of *Redeeming Grace*.

Blest

(a) A large *Tree*, growing near the Town of *Savannah*, under which the late Rev. Mr. *Whitefield* used frequently to Preach.

Blest was the Day, and Glorious was the Light,

When *first* *Salvation* founded on our *Shore*:

Angels with Rapture! saw the wond'rous Sight,

And up to Heav'n the *joyful Tidings* bore.

The *Spirit* breath'd with such immortal *Force*,

And flash'd Conviction with such piercing Ray,

That (like some River in its rapid Course)

He *Conquer'd* all that dar'd Oppose his Way.

How did our *sable* Sons from Far and Near,

By Night, by Day, their eager Steps pursue?

No Threats nor Dangers! stop'd their glad Career,

'Twas *Jesus* call'd, and *Jesus* led them through.

Sweet was the Scene! Delightful was the Hour!

When round the *Prophet* of the *Lord* we Stood,

Heard him declare his *Saviour's* mighty Power,

And tell the Virtues of his precious Blood.

Methought the *Rocks* stood Lift'ning as he Spake,
 And bending *Cedars* deep Attention gave :
 'Twas Heav'n come down, 'twas a new Morning break,
 A Morn propitious to the *captive Slave*.

But ah! what Sorrows mingl'd in the Train,
 When *Calv'ry's* Scenes were painted to our View:
 'Twas then our Bosoms *bled* through ev'ry Vein,
 And Tears descended like the falling Dew.

From Heart to Heart the pious Anguish ran,
 And *Love* and *Pity* swell'd the double Tide!
 As o'er the *Suffrings* of the *Cross* he ran,
 Still pointing up to *Jesus' wounded Side*.

Did *Mary* Weep?—Did the *Disciples* Mourn?
 Yes, near the *Cross* they agonizing Stood:
 With such Sensations were our Bosoms torn,
 And each *Baptiz'd* in one *repentant Flood*.

Sure

Sure there was *Language* spoke in every Eye,
 And *new felt* Passions pictur'd in each Face:
 Tow'rds Heav'n we breath'd the *soul-dissolving* Sigh!

And caught the Answers of returning *Grace*.

New was the *Theme* to our astonish'd Ears,

Us, the *poor Exiles* of an *out-cast* Land:

But see! at length the promis'd Day appears,

And *Jesus* comes with *Pardons* in his Hand.

Amazing Thought! How boundless is his Heart?

How wide the *Empire* of his *Grace* extends?

Can *Europe* fill it?---No, he claims a Part,

From the first *Dawn*, to where the Sun *descends*.

In the swift Chariot of *eternal Love*,

Behold *He* comes! Triumphant as a *King*:

Proclaims *Salvation* from the Realms above,

To *distant Isles*--and bids the *Nations* Sing.

Night

Night flies *His* Prefence--*heathen* Darknefs flies,
 And the bright *Day-spring* beams upon our Clime;
 For *this!* let Joy resound through all the Skies,
 And swell to *Rapture!* all the Notes of Time.

While, flows the vital Current of my *Veins*,
 And beats this Heart, within her narrow *Cell*,
 No other *Theme* shall *Captivate* my Strains,
 No other Language on my *Lips* shall dwell.

And O! could I the charming Accents bear,
 (Like WHITEFIELD once) to lift'ning Millions round,
 And feel *Thy Power*, and see *Thy Glory* there:
 I'd spread *Thy Name* to Earth's remotest bound.

Nor should dividing Seas obstruct my Course---
 Inflam'd with *Love!* I'd lean upon *Thy Breast*,
 Drink of the *Promise* that reviving Source,
 And for *Mount Zion's Sake* refuse to Rest.

'Till

'Till all *Thy* Sons (*elected*) from afar,
 Thy *Sable Daughters* from the *western World*;
 Should hear the *Trumpet* of the *Holy War*,
 And see the *Ensign* of the *Cross* unfurl'd.

Sweet Task!---but Ah! my feeble Nature fails,
Grace reigns within, but *Age* and *Weakness* round,
 'Tis all I can, to tell some falt'ring *Tales*,---
 How *first* my SAVIOUR in *these Wilds* I found.

Hap'ly my Sons (*b*) have drank the *Heav'nly Dew*,
 And felt the *Pow'r* descending from *Above*:
 T' Instruct *their little Charge*, is all I do,
 And tell them *Stories* of *Redeeming Love*.

D

Save,

(*b*) Two of his Sons embraced Christianity soon after their Father, and are now Remarkable for an exemplary Life and Conversation.

Save, when perchance (for *Musing* is my Pride)
 Some Evening fair invites me to the Shade,
 I bend my Steps to sweet *Savannah's* Side,
 The chosen Spot where first my Vows were paid.

 There, oft' delighted have I pass'd the Day,
 And held with *JESUS* Intercourse divine,
 Gaz'd on the Beams, that round His Temples play,
 'Till my 'rapt Soul was Dazzl'd with the Shine.

 And (if 'twere Blameless to indulge the Claim)
 When Death propitious hath discharg'd his Trust,
 Fain would I Sleep near this thrice hallow'd Stream,
 'Till the last Trumpet animates my Dust.

 Then! *Christian*, then! the sacred Morn shall rise,
 Then, all the Kingdoms of the Ransom'd come,
 Mount up in Triumph! through dissolving Skies
 And take Possession of their promis'd Home.

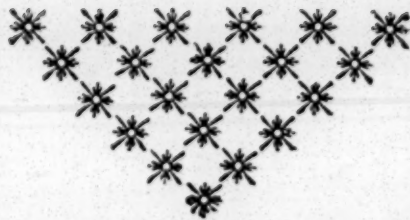
Here

Here cease my Song----for who hath rent the *Vail?*

Or dar'd to Look within the *Holy Place?*

Enough for Us, that CHRIST will there reveal,

Th' unclouded *Visions* of His lovely *Face*.



ODE,

There is a great deal of
of the same kind of
the same kind of
the same kind of

ODE

O D E,
O N T H E
I N C A R N A T I O N. *

(S C E N E J U D E A.)

WIDE spreading o'er the purpl'd East,
See where yon' crimson Ensign bends:
Prepare! prepare! th' ambrosial Feast,
For lo! the God of Gods descends.
But how O! *Nature* wilt thou bear the Load,
Or meet the Splendor of a coming God?

E

In

* Some Time ago, an imperfect Copy of the following Piece made its Appearance in Print, and (tho' labouring under several Disadvantages) was not unfavorably received.—In Order therefore to do Justice to the Public, as well as to myself, I have in the present Publication, endeavoured to Correct those Errors, and render it more worthy of their generous Protection.

In vain I ask,---for now yon' parting Sky,
Proclaims th' eternal Triumph nigh.

Stand fast thou Earth,

For since thy Birth,

Thy steadfast Pillars never bore!

Th' intolerable Weight of DEITY before.

But hark!--methinks some softer Strains,

Than ever shook th' etherial Plains,

Since Time began to roll,

Melts in my Ears,

Dispels my Fears,

And sweeps away my Soul.

'Tis *Gabriel's* Voice, (I know the Sound)

And Mercy smiles to Day,

Let Angels Shout!--let Earth Resound!

For GOD *assumes our* Clay.

And see! in Token of supernal Grace,

The angry Ensign disappears:

Ten Thousand milder Glories fill the Space,

And Music wakes the Spheres:

Harmonious thro' the Realms above,

One gen'ral Concert rings,

And all the *Burthen* of the Song is *Love*,

Love! braces all the Strings.

Astonish'd Angels, view the Scene,

And (*Curious*) fain would know,

What all this World of Wonders! mean;

These Mysteries below.

In vain they Pry---the boundless Scheme, O! Man,

For Thee! was laid e'er Time began:

For Thee! before all Worlds were fram'd,

Or Angels hymn'd th' eternal THREE,

The *Council* Sat---the Terms were Nam'd,

And MERCY fix'd on Thee.

And lo! the Period Mark'd in Heav'n---

The Day that crowns Creation's birth,

Is now arriv'd---the promis'd CHILD is giv'n:

And GOD inhabits Earth.

Angels applauding! clap their golden Wings,

While *Bethlehem* receives the King of Kings!

For this! let *Rocks*, and *Hills*, and *Plains*,

(Unpractis'd yet to *vocal* Strains)

For once their *Silence* break:

While Man!---but Man can never tell,

The grateful Thoughts his Breast should swell,

Nor half his Raptures speak!--

Silence, perhaps, may more Expressive prove,

And Heav'n accept the Heart *dissolv'd in Love*.

8 00 63

F I N I S.

